

Good Morning 611

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



WREN Wiolds Broom and Bucket, C.E.A. Stan Fletcher

CLEARING away ice and snow instead of spending her afternoon off at the Odeon Cinema, made your "missus" annoyed, C.E.A. Stanley Fletcher.

Heavy snow during the great freeze and a bus service discontinued through icy roads, conspired to keep Wren Mrs. Phyllis Fletcher at home that day "Good Morning" called at 34, Orchard Road, Beacon Park, Plymouth.

But when this vivacious Wren, wearing an apron and her Service hat, found that the man at the door balancing on the ice, was none other than the submariners' own "go between," her face lit up.

Your wife, Stanley, is getting three days' leave soon, and, with her "opp," Wren Ann Stanford, whose husband is in the Intelligence Corps, is making the trip to Ann's family at Cardiff.

"There won't be much to do there, but I'll window gaze without coupons," she said, with mock dramatics. "Of course, if Stanley were with me, he'd be standing awe-stricken at every tool shop window, but I could put up with that to have him with me," she continued.

Phyllis, who takes turns with your mother-in-law cooking the dinner, is also making a large birthday cake to take to Didworthy Hospital. Your sister-in-law, Ethel, who is a patient there, will celebrate her 29th birthday anniversary in bed, and Phyllis is prepared to supply all the other patients in the ward with a slice of cake each.

Anyway, Stanley, your wife looked the picture of good health as she piled broom and bucket, melting the front steps' ice with hot water.

"In his letter he asked 'What is snow?' You can tell him from me I'll give him a detailed description when I get the chance, and, maybe, a snow-bell down his back will make him appreciate what my feet felt like," she said with mock menace.

Both she and your mother-in-law send their love and hopes for your "speedy and safe return."

To-day we hoist the "JOLLY ROGER" RESTAURANT

DEAR BILL,

Your pal and yourself are looking ahead to the time when you leave the Navy—and, with the £1,000 you've got, your ambition is to start a small restaurant business—somewhere in London.

Okay. But—before I give you a few tips on how to run your "Jolly Roger" restaurant—here's what you've got to do before you can get started. First of all, you must have a licence.

Restaurants come under the Ministry of Food—and you must apply to the Local Control Committee at the Town Hall where you decide your best "pitch" is.

As neither you nor your pal were in the business before the war, the Local Control Committee will carefully check over your application and it must be shown that the business is necessary in that district. The idea is not to let over-competition grow up, not to allow redundant businesses.

But—cheer up. Your application will get sympathetic consideration from people who know their jobs and want to help you.

Once you've got your licence—work on these lines:

First thing you've got to decide is "CLASS." This is the most important preliminary.

In other words: "What class of customer are you going to cater for."

This question, of course, covers the whole range of people who eat out—from the Good Pull-Up to the Mayfair Super.

Your "Jolly Roger" will fall somewhere between these two extremes. But where?

This depends on two factors: (1) Capital available, and (2) experience.

Your capital, you estimate will be about £1,000. Out of this, you will have to deduct enough to tide you over until the "Jolly Roger" pays its way.

Carefully run, the "Jolly Roger" ought to balance itself within the first fortnight and start to build up a real income for yourself and your partner within one month. But—to be on the safe side, give yourself two months.

So—Out of your £1,000 allow enough to live on quietly for eight weeks—and that's being very cautious, because it's highly improbable that you'll be running at any sort of loss for that length of time. But, in business, it's decidedly better to play safe at the start.

In other words, begin as though it's going to be a rainy day—and if it turns out sunny, so much the better.

Right. Suppose you deduct £100 as your living money. Therefore, capital now available—£900.

But—a word of caution—don't treat that £900 as a lump sum for spending. Break up your costs into heads—itemise. Like this:

1. RENT. Quarterly rental is the best. But in no case should your yearly rental be much above a quarter of your available capital—that is, for the "Jolly Roger," about £5 to £7 weekly.

2. EQUIPMENT. Costs of kitchen equipment are high now and may remain so for some time after the war. This is true for both light equipment (pots, pans) and heavy equipment (stoves). But—if the Ministry of Supply releases equipment from war factories, prices will come down swiftly. I'll let you know when this happens.

And here's an "inside tip": chairs are more important than tables. Why? because everyone can see the chairs, whereas table-cloths cover a multitude of sins; and a comfortable chair goes a good way to making the meal a success.

Your equipment will fall into these main groups: (a) Kitchen, light and heavy, (b) linen, cutlery, china, (c) tables,

chairs floor-covering, lighting, curtains, service-hatch or counter and other semi-fixtures (not forgetting your restaurant sign).

3. OVERHEADS—RUNNING COSTS. Rent, of course, comes into this and when you make up your books (more about this) you should include it in your weekly balance. The other overheads are, (a) food costs, (b) kitchen costs, (c) breakages and repairs, (d) laundry, (e) heating and lighting, (f) waste—AND—this big item: insurance. You must take out an all-in restaurant insurance.

With these main "heads" or items, you've got your chief expenses taped.

The first thing you do is to estimate how much it will cost you to equip and set up the "Jolly Roger" and what it's going to cost you to run it for the first eight weeks—even if it's a dead loss all that time. And that's a pessimistic improbability.

Of course, all this will be an estimation only: no one can be dead certain of any new business—but—if you tackle it like this, it's surprising how near you get to the facts as they turn up.

That is, your estimates are nearly true—and that is VERY IMPORTANT. Most new businesses that go bust do so because of the lack of true estimates. YOU MUST NOT SPEND BLINDLY! (Seems obvious, but business myopia is a common weakness.)

Okay. Now, let's get on to the second factor which will rule what class of customer you cater for—Experience.

With your capital and experience, you can wash out the Pull-Up, the Cafe, and the luxury trade.

You say you can cook good solid meals. Something on sound English lines. Not on the one hand food with fancy names, nor on the other odd snacks and something that's sold as coffee.

Cast your mind around for the possible bloke who likes good solid food—that is—aim at a lunch trade with morning coffee and teas.

That means somewhere where business blokes are going to congregate. This gives you a fairly wide field to choose from in London—right from the City to say, Holborn.

Remember, you're aiming at the man who can afford his half-dollar, three-bob lunch—and more. If you sell a lower-priced meal, you're going to run into competition with the very skilfully organised chain-restaurants and that might be just too bad. Don't stick your neck out!

Once you can get a business bloke to know that he can come to your "Jolly Roger" five days a week and get a good meal, it's more than likely that he'll keep coming. These chaps are men of habit.

What's the profit on this kind of food? On an average from 30 to 40 per cent.

That's not as much as it sounds—because it's gross profit, not net.

The lunch trade is your solid stand-by; but, where you make your higher profits is on the quick turnover: tea, coffee and "kitchen produce."

And take a good look at those two words: KITCHEN PRODUCE. What's that?

Chum, it's what you turn out yourself in your kitchen: cakes, rolls, meat patties—and that's one of the real money weavers.

Take this as one of your Golden Rules:

NEVER BUY READY-MADE OUTSIDE WHAT YOU CAN MAKE IN YOUR OWN KITCHEN.

If you break that Golden Rule, you're just handing out

Inside Advice on how to open that Post War Business from JACK TRADER

your legitimate profits to some other guy. You'll buy bread outside—but for Pete's sake, don't buy toast! Got that? What about the size of your restaurant?

Aim at a 10-table restaurant with 15 as a maximum. You should get, when you're under way, a 4-time turnover of, say, three to a table. That is 150 to 180 lunches a day. Proportionately, you'll get a heavier tea and morning coffee trade. You should not buy for that quantity to start with—but judge your buying on the results of the third week of business.

On a 200-lunch trade, it won't be worth your while to deal with the big wholesalers in the London Smithfield meat market or the Covent Garden (vegetables), because these big dealers like to deal big. But, in any case, go along to these places at about 5.30 A.M. (Yes! That's right—5.30!) It's just as well to know these big markets—and you can get a drink in the market pubs at that time.

You deal direct with a big butcher and a greengrocer as near you as possible, and you'll get a trade discount of about 10 per cent.

Now for the question of waste. As an axiom, a good cook wastes nothing. And the cook's best friend in the anti-waste campaign is the refrigerator. It won't be necessary for you to buy a 'frig: hire one. It's well worth it.

Okay—take a deep breath, because we're coming round to the last lap—forms, books—and Income Tax.

I suggest you float a limited liability company for a nominal capital. You haven't got to pay all this capital up—only a part.

This makes Income Tax a sight easier. A good solicitor will tell you all about this. And, incidentally, should some misfortune hit you, your liabilities are limited to what is in the business only; they couldn't sell you up personally.

And you must keep books. This enables you to check up exactly where you stand from week to week and keeps the Income Tax at bay. If you haven't got a proper set of books you're almost certain to get a kick in the pants from our mutual friends the Tax Collector and all his auxiliaries.

But—once again, cheer up! It's not as difficult as it sounds and, if you want, we'll let you know the names of a couple of simple books on accountancy for traders.

If all this sounds complicated—believe me, chum, as an old seasoned dyed-in-the-wool trader, there's nothing like getting everything right at the start into a good sound business routine. In the long run it's simpler than muddle—and very much more profitable.

If there's anything else you'd like to know—just drop me a note. That goes for your pals too. I'm here to help you.

And here's more power to your elbow and to all good businesses that will flourish in the piping days of the post-war.

Alex Cracks

"Begorra and I've knocked the fever out of him. That's one good thing."

Wife of patient: "Oh, doctor, do you think there is any hope?"

"Small chance of that, marm; but ye'll have the satisfaction of knowin' that he died cured."

.....
"So that divorced hussy is making up to another man."

"Yes, she had her maiden aim again."

Quiz for E.R.A. Joe Castle

YOUR sister was wondering whether you have yet learned the difference between sugar beet and parsnips when we called at 40, Chester Road, Seven Kings, Ilford, Essex, E.R.A. Joe Castle.

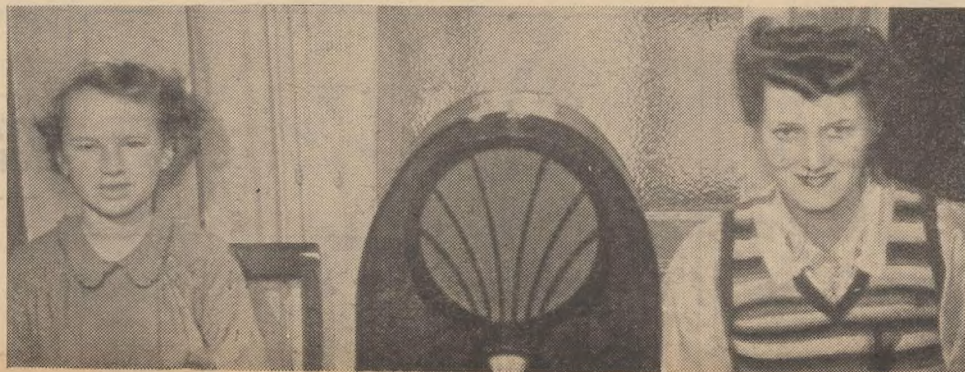
You see, Joe, she told us of the mistake you made on your last leave. Never mind, the allotment is still going strong and hasn't suffered a great deal by your mistake, but we doubt if you'd shine in a Vegetable Quiz.

We must apologise for Jean's rather strained expression in the photograph, but we very ungallantly dragged her out of her sick-bed to have it taken for you.

It appeared that your niece was suffering from the effects of a day out, which had done her no good at all, but she was game enough to be photographed for Uncle Joe.

Your sister told us that your brother-in-law has been annoying the neighbours lately. Yes, you're right, Harold had that accordion of his out, and we heard a rumour that half the street is preparing to evacuate.

Not having heard him, and not knowing the neighbours, we can't say which side to take.



We ALWAYS write
to you, if you
write first
to "Good Morning,"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty, London, S.W.1

The Yorkshireman who Found New Zealand

THEY SAW IT FIRST. No. 9 By C. N. DORAN

HE was a Yorkshireman, born graphical expedition for the Admiralty in 1728, was Captain James Cook, the man who first surveyed in the "Endeavour," a ship of New Zealand, the man whose 370 tons!

name is immortal among the great navigators and discoverers of the eighteenth century. He was also ordered to take certain members of the Royal Society so that the transit of Venus might be observed. They to which trade his parents put observed the transit at Tahiti, him when he was about 12 years in June of that year.

He began as a haberdasher, Venus might be observed. They to which trade his parents put observed the transit at Tahiti, him when he was about 12 years in June of that year.

old. He did not stick it long. Now, there had been much talk of a possible "great continent" that was said to exist in the South Pacific.

But that didn't suit him either. He wanted to go round the world, he wanted to find unknown lands.

As commander of the "Grampus" he surveyed the St. Lawrence river. In 1762 he was present at the capture of Newfoundland, where he did more surveying.

In 1769 he went off on a geo-



Captain Cook meets his death at the hands of Sandwich Islanders. It was a tragic end to a glorious life.

He was commissioned by the Admiralty to go out and settle the question of the N.W. Passage. His orders were to sail to the Pacific, find his way through the chain of islands and reach New Albion, then go north, seeking a passage to the Atlantic.

He went with two ships, the "Resolution" and the "Discovery."

He reached his old love, New Zealand, lingered there, taking what was to be his last look at the beautiful country. Then he sailed—to his death.

He discovered more islands, christened them—Sandwich and Cook archipelago—and there by the natives whom he had grown to like and who had always liked him and his crews, he was killed.

How that came about is not altogether clear, except that there was some disturbance between the natives and his men. Cook, always able to straighten out quarrels, stepped from the long boat to talk to the natives.

He was struck down, and his men had to row off to escape with their lives. It has been said that he took too great a chance in thus facing a hostile rabble armed with clubs and arrows. But it is equally true that no man in the world then could have handled South Sea natives as well as he.

His body was dragged ashore by the savages, and that was the last that was seen of Captain James Cook.

He has no grave, this man who braved the oceans of the world to gain lands and possessions for England. There are many monuments to his memory. But there is no grave.

QUIZ for today

1. Oroide is an alloy, astronomical term, metallic ore, disinfectant, cleaning material?
2. What is the difference between (a) Casabianca, (b) Capablanca?
3. What famous poet and novelist was nicknamed Noll?
4. If you had a "Strad," would you eat it, drink it, play on it, mend shoes with it?

5. WPhat does pure radium look like?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?
Wax, Tallow, Shellac, Tar, Ambergris, Spermacetti.

Answers to Quiz in No. 610

1. Small toboggan.
2. A peal of bells.
3. (a) Is a spindle, (b) is the angle between a stem and a branch.
4. Sir John Millais.
5. Pin it in a drawer. (A kind of butterfly.)
6. Bust is not a real word; others are.

named Tasman had been in the area in 1642. It was really Tas-

man who discovered Tasmania, which thus bears his name to this day. But Tasman had only seen the New Zealand coast from afar.

It was Cook who drove his ship for the new coast. He made a proper survey of the coastline.

He discovered that there were two islands, not one. He sheltered in the bay where the city of Auckland now stands. He went ashore and saw the natives, who received him with strange cries. These were the Maoris.

Not content with all this, he sailed for Batavia and proved that New Guinea was not any bigger than Australia.

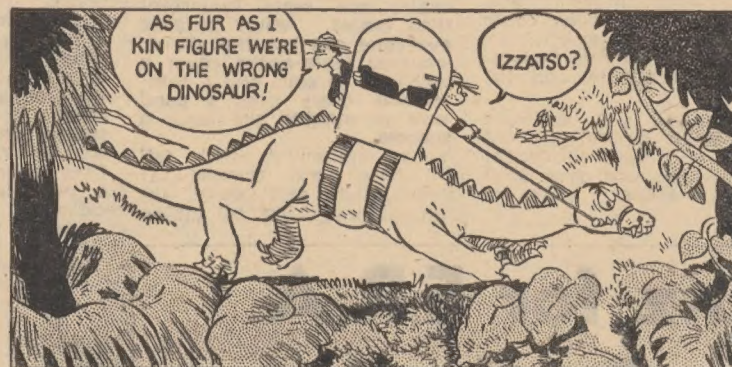
Then he came back to England, by way of the Cape of Good Hope.

He went south again with the "Resolution" (just over 400 tons) and two smaller ships, sailing from Plymouth in 1772. He never came back until he had sailed the entire 20,000 miles with the loss of only one man out of 118.

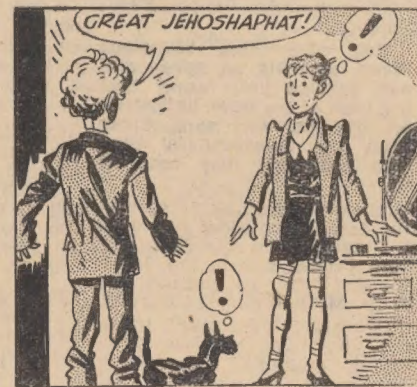
He was made a member of the Royal Society, was given many honours. Then came his greatest and final voyage.

He named New South Wales after Glamorganshire, and landed at Botany Bay in April, 1770.

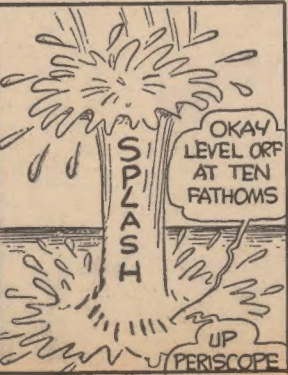
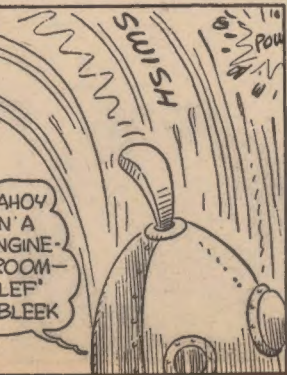
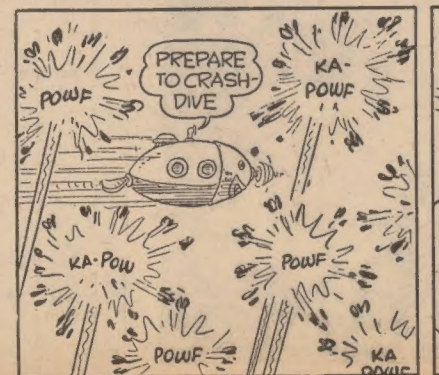
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



I get around

RON RICHARDS'

COLUMN



PETER HODGSON, 16-year-old composer, had the great thrill of his young life the other night. He heard the B.B.C. Northern Orchestra playing one of his own works, a "Concerto Fantasia" he wrote when on holiday from the Royal College of Music.

Peter won a scholarship to the college with a tone poem, but until the other night he had never before heard one of his manuscripts translated into sound. Many musicians have waited years for a performance of their orchestral works. Peter's great day has come early in his career, and his composition had a big audience—it was broadcast.

While he sat in the Houldsworth Hall, Manchester, listening to his work being played, his most attentive critic was also sitting at her radio set—his 81-year-old grandmother, Mrs. Caroline Hodgson, of Glaynes Park-road, Upminster, Essex.

SHE was determined not to miss it, for she played a big part in enabling Peter to get the chance to write his concerto. He was just a "one-finger pianist" when she asked his parents to let him learn music at her expense.

"When I eventually was sent to learn music I thought I had been introduced to the dullest thing on earth," Peter told me.

"I spent over a year trying to find interest in the lessons, but was unsuccessful, until one day I suddenly found that I was playing a tune. I cannot yet tell how it all happened; I seemed to just sit down at the piano and a tune came."

Said Peter's father: "We used to see him sitting quietly in odd corners of the house jotting something down on bits of paper."

POLYTECHNIC and A.A.A. walking champion, holder of English ten-mile championship, S.Q.M.S. Victor Stone, of 2 Fern Avenue, Mitcham, Surrey, is serving with N.A.A.F.I. in Paiforce.

WANGLING 50 Miles a Penny

WORDS—550

1. Behead a stem and get a lecture.
2. In the following proverb both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it?—Rowds tique piss-tude malc.
3. What island in the West Indies has NI for the exact middle of its name?
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: Once the tree is fully —, — pruning will not do much harm.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 549

1. S-top.
2. Play not with edged tools.
3. JamAica.
4. Race care.

JANE



"Just study the pictures for a moment, Mr. Smith!"

By FRANKLIN ADAMS

bus cables, always unsightly, and sometimes dangerous things, from our cities. Luxury trains are being

planned by the railway companies. They are careful to stop trains, on the lines of the plain, however, that the speed with which these developments can be made depends upon the time the 113,000 railwaymen now in the Services are returned to them. It may take about five or six years.

These trains will probably have aboard a cinema, cocktail bar, and special modernised lounges. Diesel and electric locomotives may also become commonplace. In fact, speed, coupled with comfort, will be the order of the day. Cheaper travel, too, may be possible.

In Spain, a streamlined locomotive that can attain a speed of 100 miles on a curving track has caused a great deal of interest, and may further help to increase the trains of the world. London's tube railways are

Alex Cracks

He (sentimentally): "Where did you get those large lovely eyes?"

She (bored): "I don't know—they came with the face."

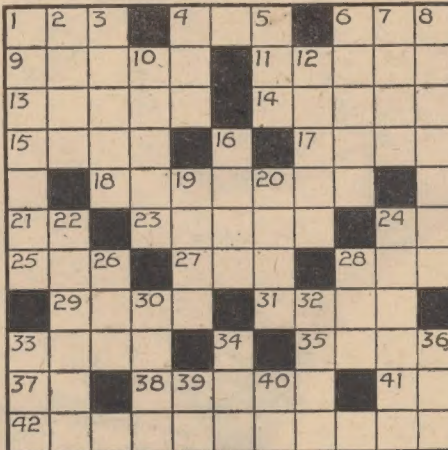
Mary Ann: "I've come to tell you, mum, that th' gaso-line stove has gone out."

Mistress: "Well, light it again."

"I can't. Sure, it went out through th' roof."

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS.



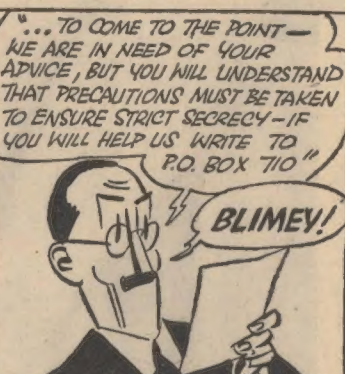
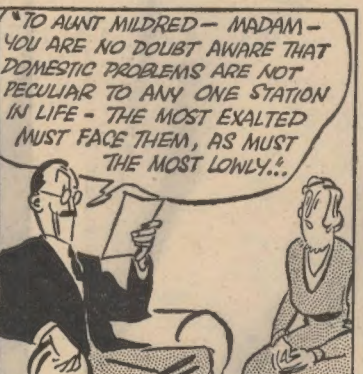
- 1 Away.
- 4 Note of music.
- 6 Edge.
- 9 Overwhelm.
- 11 Divert.
- 13 Soldier.
- 14 Boy's name.
- 15 "S"-moulding.
- 17 Wasps' home.
- 18 Rail support.
- 21 Out of bed.
- 23 Correspond.
- 24 Suffice.
- 25 Female animal.
- 27 Health resort.
- 28 Marshy land.
- 29 Girl's name.
- 31 Close.
- 33 Musical addition.
- 35 Spruce.
- 37 One.
- 38 Zest.
- 41 Virginia.
- 42 Decorator.

CLUES DOWN.

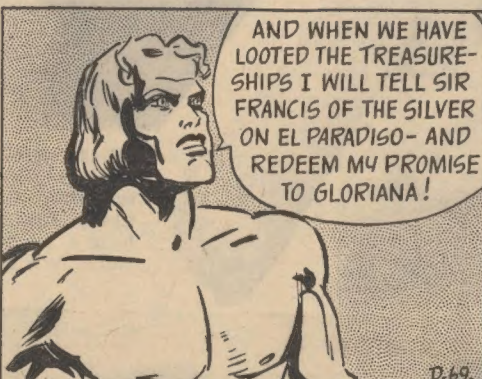
- 1: Big mollusc.
- 2 Amphibian.
- 3 Odorous smoke.
- 4 Throw.
- 5 Scarlet dye.
- 6 Governor.
- 7 English river.
- 8 Speak of.
- 10 Little fish.
- 12 Cash.
- 16 Aid.
- 19 Simple.
- 20 Scheme.
- 22 Fruit goddess.
- 24 Obtain.
- 26 Wedding lump.
- 28 Distant.
- 30 Storm.
- 32 Sort of jacket.
- 33 Head covering.
- 34 Tree.
- 36 Spoil.
- 39 Ancient city.
- 40 Thanks.

CROP CHASER
LAVISH ROSE
OMEN INDUCE
SPREAD OPAL
E D PERU P
DROVE ARMED
E OXEN A U
GALL SKIRTS
ODOURS DIRT
LEST AVENUE
FREELY MEED

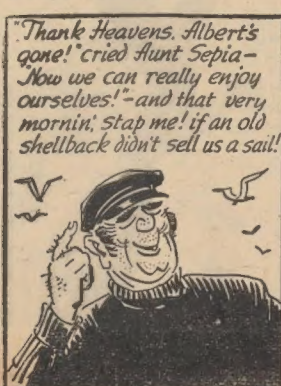
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



TRUE OR FALSE

Is Mars Inhabited?

BACK in 1877, when Mars approached within 35 million miles of the earth, the Italian astronomer Schiaparelli made a detailed study of the markings on the face of the planet, and found a number of thin lines connecting the "oceans."

He called these "canali," and this was freely translated as "canals." Canals meant people to construct them. Therefore Mars must be inhabited. What could be simpler?

Thus started a controversy that continues to this day, with a maximum of deduction from the minimum of evidence available.

We have had thousands of imaginative stories in which Martians invaded the earth or were invaded. Authors have shown great ingenuity in overcoming the difficulties that the Martian would have to exist with almost no oxygen, and with violent changes from heat to cold every day and night.

If by "life" we mean any kind of organic life, then there are a considerable number of astronomers who would admit at least the possibility of there being low forms of vegetable life on Mars.

But if we mean life of the kind we know on earth, then the great majority declare it is impossible.

It is probable that millions of years ago life flourished there, but Mars, with its small gravity, lost its atmosphere and is believed to be a dying world.

In spite of this, every time Mars comes its closest to the world the discussion is sure to crop up. Unfortunately, even the new giant telescope is not likely to give us conclusive evidence, and for positive proof that there is no "near-human" life on Mars we may have to wait hundreds of years until the planet is visited in a space-ship.

Meanwhile we must take the testimony of the great majority of astronomers that the present evidence does not admit the existence of anything but the very lowest forms of vegetable and animal life.

J. M. Michaelson

Heard This Before?

Our idea of a keen commercial traveller is the man who stood before a mirror for two hours and sold himself a razor.

Good Morning

"Mates, we're fascinated! It's on account of that single shoulder strap on which the whole scenery is suspended. Talk about 'happiness hanging by a thread'! Well, well, no doubt we'll be seeing you soon. Sarong, for now!"



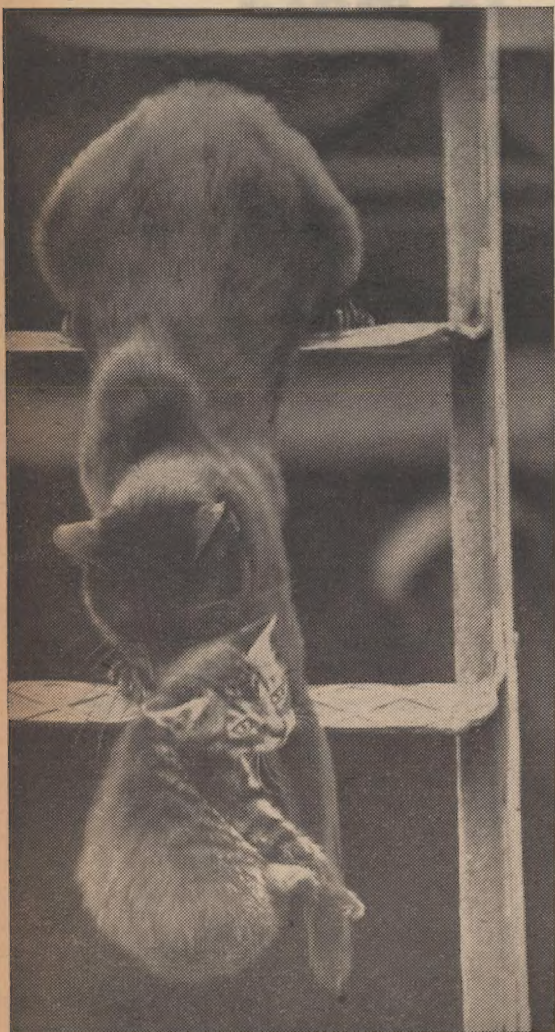
THIS ENGLAND. From Kingswear by ferry across the River Dart to Dartmouth costs a penny. And it's worth it — just to see the skill with which the man at the wheel of the powerful tug "Hauley I" nudges the clumsy float from the river bank. Our picture was taken on the Kingswear bank.



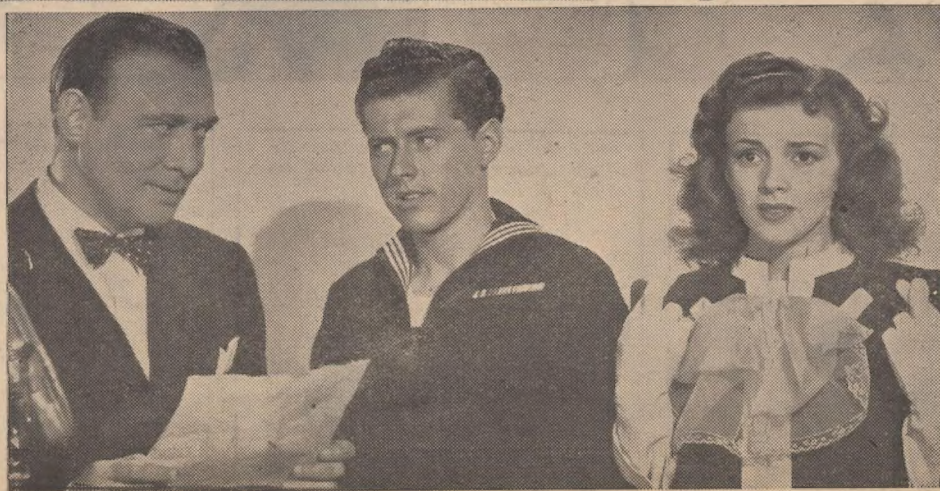
Phillipine Belle on her way to the Stock Exchange — complete with umbrella and big cigar. Just another mogul from Manila.



WHAT SHOULD "A" DO? Well, seeing as he's a world-traveller, he should go Air-Line. And how do we know he's a world-traveller? Because he's got bags under his eyes.



GET DOWN THEM STAIRS! Daughter gets it in the neck when Ma comes down the fire escape! Daughter thinks there are worse deaths than being burnt alive. Anyway, she should worry — with nine lives 'n' everything!



FILM OF THE WEEK

Why has Marjorie Massow got her fingers crossed? We guess it's because boy friend Eddie Ryan's going on the air. It's all in 20th Century Fox's "Take it or Leave it."

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"You take it, I'll leave it."

